

The Girlboss 601

Chapter 601

Turning toward Hubert, Trenton reasoned, “Mr. Sorano, why don’t you apologize to Mr. Lawrence and promise you won’t ever harass him, and let bygones be bygones?”

“Me, apologize to him?!” Hubert gaped at Trenton in disbelief, unable to believe his ears.

“Yes.” Trenton nodded in confirmation.

“No way!” Hubert bellowed, pointing at Frank as he snapped, “He took away my golden goose and threatened my life! And you want me to apologize after all that?! Aren’t you bodyguards who serve the Lionhearts? What, are you worried he’d attack you? Do you think he has the balls?!”

Trenton was actually the Lionhearts’ executive who was based in Riverton.

As a retainer of the hearts, he was naturally well-connected. He had long since heard about Frank’s accomplishments from Riverton’s governor Robert Quill, and the Chief of General Affairs Gerald Simmons.

Naturally, he inevitably came across rumors of Vicky being suspiciously close with Frank too.

Trenton himself would have eliminated any man who got too close with Vicky, but he was wise enough to tell that Frank was different.

Not only did the youth manage so many different oddities, but Trenton was also especially concerned with the last name ‘Lawrence’.

After all, the Lawrences were one of the Four Families of Morhen too, alongside the Lionhearts.

They were also the most enigmatic as they always kept a low profile.

Even if the Lionhearts were seemingly the most powerful dynasty in Draconia, the Lawrences still had an edge over them as they commanded actual military power.

Be that as it may, there were not many of them, and the head of the Lawrence family was seventy but childless.

Even so, he stood guard alone over Draconia's southern frontier, keeping the unruly elements beyond in check and earning him the title of the Lord of the Southern Woods.

And considering that possible connection, Trenton was therefore wary when it came to Frank.

"Enough talking," Frank growled, losing all patience since Hubert was clearly unrepentant.

Walking up to Trenton, he said icily, "Move if you don't want to die, or I'll butcher you along with him."

Even as Trenton cursed Hubert for his mindless behavior, he braced himself against Frank's dark aura. "We have orders from Titus Lionheart himself, Mr. Lawrence. We will provide refuge for Mr. Sorano—we won't let you kill him."

"Now that's better! You had orders to protect me, so act like it or you'll really disappoint me!" Hubert snorted sarcastically from behind the bodyguards. "You heard him, Frank! Run along now, or you'll rest in pieces if you upset the Lionhearts!"

"Heh..." Frank suddenly chuckled, looking at Trenton as he sought for confirmation one last time. "So the Lionhearts insist on protecting this bastard?"

"Yes." Trenton nodded despite his exasperation.

Splat!

Without warning, Frank had suddenly thrust his fist forward, punching a hole into Trenton's stomach!

As Trenton looked on in shock, Frank grinned icily, “Did you think really I’d really be scared of a measly family like the Lionhearts?”

Chapter 602

Trenton’s eyes widened even as he collapsed to the floor—to think that Frank was even crazier than he thought!

“Frank Lawrence... How dare...”

With Trenton eliminated with a single punch, Frank wheeled on the other Lionheart bodyguards and said quietly, “It seems that the Lionhearts would make an enemy of me just to protect that fool. In that case, none of you are leaving!”

“You’re crazy, Frank!”

Hubert was horrified by the sight before him.

He knew for a fact that the Lionhearts were among the top powers in Draconia. And thanks to their closeness to Volsung Sect, their influence extended over every corner of the country.

As such, Frank had to be crazy to challenge the Lionhearts just to kill him!

Even as the thought crossed Hubert’s mind, the Lionheart bodyguards leapt toward Frank, incensed that he actually got physical.

“You bastard! You just killed a Lionheart executive!”

“Insolence!”

They were all bellowing as they charged at Frank, but they were all just vigor wielders despite being well-trained.

Against a Birthright rank elite like Frank, there was only one outcome.

Frank glowered even as he struck each of them, leaving them dead before they hit the floor.

Soon, only one of them was left.

He was assuredly deflated to see the rest all dead and dropped to his knees, begging Frank for mercy.

Frank would have killed him too, but he suddenly realized that Hubert had already fled.

The point of killing the Lionhearts' men was to kill Hubert, and Frank promptly prioritized finding Hubert over the bodyguard.

Turning, he broke the window with a kick.

Then, as the bodyguard looked on in shock, he leapt out of the tenth floor window...

—

Hubert was scrambling downstairs without caring how he looked, traumatized as he kept peeking upstairs.

“Shit, that bastard is really crazy! He really has no respect for the Lionhearts, even killing their men! What mess have I gotten myself into...”

Fortunately, Frank was not after him, while he sprinted down ten floors solely on his will to survive!

However, even as he got out of the hotel, dashing straight for his car to flee, he realized in horror that Frank was already waiting for him on the first floor.

“How did you...” he blurted, but he soon saw the broken glass behind Frank and realized how he arrived there.

He had leapt ten floors down—and worst of all, remained unscathed as he waited leisurely for Hubert to run straight to him!

W-What a monster!

Even as the thought crossed his mind, he started to run again.

However, he had not run more than a couple of steps away when he suddenly felt the stairs shaking, leaving him dizzy...

He then saw in horror that the entire stairs was swung straight at his face! Even before he could cry out in pain, his throat was squeezed into itself, and he could not make a sound.

Soon, his vision faded and he lost consciousness entirely.

—

Frank chuckled as he withdrew his hand and watched as a small fountain of blood gushed out from the back of Hubert’s head. “I gave you plenty of chances. You refused to take it.”

Ding.

That was when the nearby elevator doors suddenly opened.

Chapter 603

The nearby elevator doors suddenly opened when Frank was just about to dispose of Hubert’s corpse, and a familiar face appeared.

It was none other than Helen Lane.

“Frank...?” she murmured.

Frank glanced at her—she was visibly skinnier, and the dark circles under her eyes were obvious. Even if she tried her best to hide it with makeup, she could not hide it from Frank after their three-year marriage.

It seemed that the last few days had not been kind to her.

For his part, Frank stayed silent—he had cut all ties with her and had nothing more to say since she would soon marry Chaz.

It was therefore shocking that Helen charged at him, grabbing his wrist as she cried, “Just calm down! Chaz told me you had a fight with Hubert Sorano—come on, let’s go apologize to Hubert. The Graves family has just signed a partnership with the Lionhearts, and Chaz is now Titus Lionheart’s ally. If you upset Chaz...”

Before she could finish, she found the corpse on the stairs, her pupils dilating as she turned pale.

“What...” she murmured as she released Frank to check who it was and was left dumbstruck when she did.

“Frank!” Her lips were trembling even as tears rolled down her pretty cheeks. “W-Why did you do this?! Why did you kill Hubert?!”

“I don’t have to tell you, do I?” Frank snorted coolly, folding his arms before his chest.

“You don’t get it! You’re in deep trouble now!” Helen shrieked, almost blacking out right then. “Titus Lionheart will arrive in Riverton soon, and he’ll come after you for killing his allies! Why are you always so stubborn and impulsive?!”

Why did she humiliate herself by agreeing to marry Chaz?

It was all for Frank, so why could he not just hold back and stop causing trouble? Why did he always have to get on the wrong side of such terrible people?

She had gone through great lengths just to give Frank a chance. Forget not knowing that—he had to trample all over her effort and sacrifice!

“Stubborn? Impulsive?” Frank lowered his gaze as he murmured, but soon sneered. “There’s a reason behind everything I do, Helen. On the other hand, you only ever get led by the nose, never deciding for yourself. Is all that you see the whole picture? What if I told you that I killed him to protect my family? My sister?”

Frank suddenly appeared sad. “No, you won’t get it—you’ve never believed me anyway, not even once. That’s why you really shouldn’t play saint and accuse me of anything, because you have no right. Run along now, tell Titus that I killed Hubert... But I’m telling you that I’m not afraid of him. No, I’m Frank Lawrence and I’m not afraid of anyone!”

With that, he turned to leave without a care, scoffing as he did. “Oh, and best wishes for your wedding. Hope you get a kid soon too.”

Helen dropped to her knees, her eyes welling with tears from Frank’s apathy.

Why would she marry Chaz now that Hubert was dead?

If Titus went after Frank, all the compromising she did was but a one-sided wish and a complete waste of effort.

Chapter 604

Helen had rushed to Ninedell Hotel after hearing from Chaz that Frank had a fight with Hubert.

She was about to bring Frank and apologize to Hubert, but that was certainly moot now that Frank had killed him.

There was no turning back now...

Even so, Helen refused to give up and gritted her teeth as she vowed, “It doesn’t matter if you don’t understand me or accept my effort. I won’t let you die... Never!”

With those words, she wiped away her tears and called Chaz. “Hey, I have a favor to ask...”

—

Frank was frustrated even as he left Ninedell Hotel, punching the steering wheel as he got into his car.

“Damn it!”

He knew that Helen would marry Chaz, but her reaction just now left him infatuated nonetheless.

He knew the type of scum Chaz was, especially after Jaud told him about the trap that Chaz had prepared for him on Chaz’s own wedding day.

Would Frank stay away? The answer was evidently no.

Frank had no idea what Chaz had going for him that Helen was so bent on marrying him. And yet, despite her seeming loyalty, she had to run all the way here because she was worried about him.

It left Frank further frustrated and confused—they had cut ties from each other, so why would she bother?

That was when Frank looked up and saw the sole surviving Lionheart bodyguard whom he had spared earlier.

Even as he walked, he was speaking on his phone, most likely to report to Titus.

Frank certainly did not fear Titus and alighted.

He was about to take the phone from the bodyguard and warn Titus, but the person on the other end turned out to be someone else.

It was Chaz Graves!

“You?!”

The bodyguard spotted Frank just then.

He was feeling lucky after being spared before, only to find the same reaper emerging from the darkness of the car park.

He flinched in terror, not even finding the will to run.

“Continue.”

However, Frank nodded at him, refraining from interrupting the bodyguard’s conversation after realizing that it was Chaz.

Over the phone, Chaz was gloating. “Well, now that he’s killed Titus’ men, that bastard is a dead man walking. I’ll inform Titus myself, and Frank will breathe his last in two days.”

“I...”

The bodyguard leveled a flustered look at Frank.

However, Frank did not speak, so he raised his phone and said hesitantly, “Actually, Mr. Graves, I just saw Helen Lane here...”

“Oh, that bitch?” Chaz snorted coolly from the other end. “She ran off as soon as she heard that Frank might step on the toes of the Lionhearts, even calling me and pleading mercy for that bastard.”

“S-She’s going to leave. Shouldn’t I escort her?”

“Nope.” Chaz scoffed. “That dumb bitch is already worthless to me. She was so naive she believed me when I threatened to tell Titus about Frank and Vicky’s affair.”

Frank paused at those words, his mind rapidly working out why Helen’s actions contradicted her words so much—Chaz was threatening her with his life!

Chapter 605

On the other end, Chaz was still gloating with an evil smile. “That dumb bitch is just a tool I’m using to humiliate Frank Lawrence. No, I’ll deny even Helen her dignity, and Frank will watch as his woman is defiled by another man.”

Chuckling, he said, “Go—report to Titus Lionheart. My preparations here are complete, and all it takes is for Titus’ elite fighters to arrive.”

“Yes, Mr. Graves,” the bodyguard replied before hanging up with a trembling finger, his whole body shaking as he turned toward Frank.

He was deeply terrified of Frank flying into a rage, killing him in one swift strike.

What he did not expect was Frank to stand there, staring blankly instead of flipping out.

“M-Mr. Lawrence...?” the bodyguard called out to Frank miserably, not daring to flee despite Frank’s distraction.

“Go.”

Turning toward the bodyguard as he came to his senses after a while, Frank said, “Don’t ever fight me again if you want to live, and you’d better not show up at that wedding.”

“Y-Yes! Mr. Lawrence, I won’t tell anyone about today or show up at that wedding!” the bodyguard exclaimed, rejoicing even as he fled in panic.

After he was gone, Frank stood alone outside the main entrance of Ninedell Hotel, rearing his head as he sighed.

So everything Helen was doing was for his sake—be it marrying Chaz or rejecting him, it was to stop Chaz from telling Titus that he was close with Vicky.

In fact, she came as soon as she was told that he had a fight with Hubert.

Frank’s heart welled up with guilt when he remembered what he had told Helen. Even if it was harmless on the surface, it must have really stung Helen’s heart.

Even so, she still called Chaz, begging him to think of something just to stop Titus from coming after Frank.

Once coincidences and other frivolous factors were dismissed, it all came down to the fact of Chaz’s manipulation.

Still, he had to admit Chaz was right about one thing: Helen was stupid, not giving up on him despite everything he had done!

“So, you want me, Chaz Graves?” Frank growled, inhaling deeply as his expression cooled. “We shall see who will come up victorious in the end!”

With those words, he left Ninedell Hotel and drove straight to Lane Manor.

It was late into the night when he arrived outside and pressed on the doorbell.

To no surprise, Gina emerged, rubbing her groggy eyes and immediately snapping at Frank, “What are you doing here in my house?! You’re not welcome here! Now, leave!”

“Helen!”

Frank completely ignored Gina as he stood outside the gates, his fists clenched as he shouted into the manor, “I won’t let you marry Chaz Graves!

“I know you’re not sleeping—those dark circles under your eyes betrayed you!

“Do you hear me?! Trust me just this once! I won’t let you marry Chaz!”

“Are you crazy?!” Gina snapped even as Frank continued to yell at the manor. “Helen’s decided to marry Mr. Graves herself! Give up already—we won’t let you interfere with their wedding!”

Chapter 606

As Gina saw that her insults were pointless, she strode up and shoved at Frank, “Get out of here! Helen’s not home—your shouting doesn’t mean a thing!”

Frank simply braced against her meek fists and scratching as he kept shouting into Lane Manor. “Helen! I’ll definitely crash your wedding and take you with me—whether you like it or not! I’m always that stubborn and impulsive, and nobody can stop me! Not your family, not Chaz Graves... Not even the Lionhearts!”

Having said his part, Frank quietly waited for Helen to respond.

However, there was only silence aside from Gina’s shrieking and cursing.

Still, it did not discourage Frank.

Then, just as he was about to leave, the doors opened and Helen strode out in her pajamas.

Gina turned frantic when she saw her. "What are you doing, Helen?! You're marrying Chaz Graves soon. For the sake of us Northstream Lanes, don't fall for his pretty face!"

"Mom," Helen said calmly and quietly. "Let me talk to him."

"No!" Gina summarily refused, snapping, "There's nothing to talk with someone as despicable as him. Don't worry, I'll chase him away!"

Helen shook her head exasperatedly despite Gina's insistence. "There are things we need to be clear about."

"Fine. You have three minutes, and he leaves once you're done!"

Seeing that Helen was insistent, Gina sighed heavily.

She stood aside, folding her arms before her chest as she watched them.

After the wedding, they would be moving back to Southstream, as their family would return to the main family and live grandly.

This would be the last time Frank ever got to see her daughter!

Helen sighed lengthily in turn and leveled an impassive look at Frank, but her gaze was clearly conflicted.

"I heard what you said," she told him.

"I get it now," Frank said solemnly. "Chaz Graves was threatening my life to coerce you, wasn't he? He's threatening to tell Titus Lionheart about me and Vicky."

Helen did a double take but shook her head. "That's not true. I don't know where you heard that from, but I'm telling you—I love Chaz, and giving up Lane Holdings is proof of that. I've never felt that way about you."

"It's all consensual—I'm not being coerced, so don't flatter yourself, Frank. We're never ever getting back together."

Even as she spoke, Helen felt the misery burning her heart.

She was assuredly compelled to marry Chaz now, as he had invited all of Riverton's bigwigs to their wedding, and Gina already accepted the Graves family's dowry. Even the Lionhearts and Soranos had sent their people over.

As such, even if Frank found out the truth and tried to stop the wedding, there was no way he would win against such overwhelming numbers.

And all she had done for this would be reduced to a joke.

Chapter 607

Frank quietly said: "I know you, Helen. You avoid looking into my eyes when you lie."

"Don't act like you know me. You don't—and I'll be very clear." Helen smiled. "I'm different now. A person should be realistic and give up on pointless ambition. What's life for a woman, if not to find a man she could depend on and serve? Why deal with all the problems in a corner and shareholders instead of being a housewife? It's an easy life and good for everyone."

"Is that what you really think?" Frank asked, looking searchingly into Helen's eyes.

"It is." Helen met his gaze without flinching this time. "It doesn't matter what you think or how highly you think of yourself—I'm not leaving with you, so just give up. It's getting late and I'm tired... It's time you leave."

With those words, Helen quietly returned tinside Lane Manor, and Gina immediately leapt up to chase off Frank again. “What are you spacing out for?! Helen told you to leave, you delusional fool! Who do you think you are?!”

Frank simply craned his neck and shouted into Lane Manor again, “Get over yourself, Helen. Don’t think you’ve saved me! I’m telling you right now—I’ll never thank you. No, I’d hate you for it! Call me names, insult me all you like... I’ll never let you marry Chaz Graves, you hear me?!”

“Get out!!!” Gina shrieked madly just then, picking up a brick and smashing it on Frank’s head. “I-If you stray out of line, I’ll kill you!”

“Hahaha!” Frank laughed heartily, oblivious to Gina’s insults even as he bled from his head and drove away from Lane Manor.

At the same time, Helen returned to her room, pressing her back against the door once she closed it and dropping to the floor with a thud.

She could hear Frank’s bright laughter and was left folding her arms before her chest just to stop herself from crying.

How could Frank be so crazy? Was she really worth it?

She had seen how her own family had abused Frank for three years. He did not seem to care, even vowing that he would save her.

She really did not know what to do now—how would she face him during the wedding, and who would she be to him then?

—

In his car, Frank picked up his phone and dialed a number.

“Isn’t it quite late, Mr. Lawrence? How can I help?” Hans asked from the other end.

Frank grinned. “Bring your men to Graves Mansion in two days. We’re crashing a wedding!”

“Yes, sir,” Hans replied immediately, without asking questions or showing hesitation.

Now that Frank knew the truth, he would not stand by and watch as Helen fell into the fire pit.

No, he would make everyone understand that if they upset him, even the Lionhearts would kneel before him!

—

Time flew.

As the day of the arranged marriage between the Lanes and the Graves arrived, all of Southstream was left shocked by the return of the Nortstream Lanes and the glamorous wedding of the Graves’ heir.

Chapter 608

Countless rich and powerful individuals and groups arrived, with hundreds of prestigious cars lining the parking lot outside Graves Mansion. Naturally, there were many others forced to park by the curb.

Chaz was wearing a black tuxedo, his hair combed neatly as he stood and received all the guests filing through the parlor.

Naturally, he was only greeting the top elites of Riverton—his retainers would handle the modest families and small business owners.

Even as he appeared bright and pleasant, raising his champagne flute to salute the guests around him, one of the servants came to him with a report, “Everything’s in place, sir... but the Salazars didn’t send anyone, citing unforeseen circumstances.”

Chaz shrugged. “Never had much hope in Donald Salazar anyway.”

“That’s not it, sir,” the servant said, before leaning in to whisper into Chaz’s ear, “The Salazars’ factory was retaken by Kurt Stinson. At this point, they have no leverage for a partnership with us... though someone from Mr. Stinson’s side has since made contact with us.”

“Really?” Chaz smiled, a little surprised. “Tell them yes. I’m fine with partnering with anyone, as long as the Turnbolls and Frank Lawrence fall.”

“Yes, Mr. Graves.” The servant nodded and left.

Another servant soon came with another report. “Mr. Graves, Frank Lawrence was at Lane Manor two nights ago, announcing that he would crash this wedding.”

Chaz snorted. “I knew he’d come, but announcing it? I’m interested to see if he has the guts to come good on his word! This is my house, and I’ve assembled every man we have, not to mention that the Lionhearts have sent their martial elites as well. If he comes, he’s not leaving!”

His eyes flashed with savagery even as he crushed his champagne flute. “We’ll settle this once and for all, Frank! You’ll be kneeling before me even as I humiliate you!”

—

In a grandly decorated room, Helen was sitting before the dressing table, staring blankly at the beautiful woman in the mirror.

She glanced at the phone she left on the table, her eyes welling up with worry—she had been fretting that he would really come ever since Frank declared he would crash this wedding.

Worst of all, he had killed Hubert, and there was no hiding it—the Lionhearts were long since made aware of that fact.

If Frank came to Graves Mansion, he would not be just facing the Graves' wrath, for the Lionhearts would want a piece of him too.

That's why she had been calling Frank repeatedly, and then texting him since he was not answering, begging him to stay out of this.

Naturally, Frank did not respond to her texts, and it left Helen further uneasy.

Gina came up to her just then, beaming as she placed a beautiful jewelry box in front of Helen. "See? Mr. Graves bought all these for you. Even the cheapest one costs millions! Come on, pick a few and put them on."

In contrast to Gina's enthusiasm, Helen was totally uninterested, even sighing.

"What?! Are you still thinking about that bastard?!" Gina snapped right then, her face falling since she knew all too well what her daughter was thinking.

She snapped the jewelry box shut even as she growled, "Just give up already, Helen—this is Graves Mansion, and there's guards stationed at every corner. Frank would be kept outside the gates even before he could get in, and it'd be worse for him if he tries to barge in!"

Chapter 609

Seeing that Helen frowned from what she said, Gina quickly assured her, "Don't worry—that bastard was just exaggerating. He was trying to trick you into eloping with him. He definitely won't try barging into this wolf's den... Who knows, he might have fled Riverton by now!"

Helen was at once disappointed and hopeful—all she wanted was for Frank to be safe, and she could only hope that he refrained from causing things to spiral out of control.

Cindy entered just then, and promptly grabbed the jewelry box, gaping at it and then at Helen, "Wow... Did Mr. Graves give these to you? Can I have a few of these necklaces? I've never worn anything so expensive..."

"Yeah, you can have it." Helen forced a smile.

She had zero interest in the jewelry box and pushed it toward Cindy.

“Thank you, Helen!” Cindy was jubilant and tried on everything from the jewelry box while looking at herself in the mirror repeatedly.

Gina sighed nearby—it was Frank’s fault that Helen was like this.

But those days were behind them now... they would live like queens soon!

“Smile, Helen—it’s your big day.” Gina grinned. “The Lionhearts are sending their people over too. We can’t embarrass ourselves in front of royalty.”

“Yeah,” Helen replied, her voice hollow and once again forcing her smile.

Gina could see that Helen had not gotten over Frank, but he did not deserve her at all.

All was right in the world now—Helen would soon marry into the Graves family, and the Southstream Lanes would be taking them back as well.

Gina was certainly determined to see this through when a life of privilege was within reach. Even if her daughter is still obsessed over Frank now, reality would compel her to change her mind and forget about him.

“Come on, it’s time. We should go,” Gina said.

“Yeah.”

Even as Gina pulled Helen to her feet and left the dressing room, Cindy was still obsessing over the jewelry box.

While Helen was distracted, she quickly sneaked a pile of jewelry into her purse.

—

It was a full house at the wedding hall.

Soon, Chaz went onstage under the emcee's invitation and amid a warm applause.

Picking up the microphone, he was beaming as he spoke vibrantly. "I thank all of you bigwigs of Riverton, partners of my family and Helen's, as well as all our friends and family, for coming to witness our wedding.

"I won't lie—Helen and I were meant to be with each other ever since we were kids, and I've decided that she's the only one I'd ever marry. But various things happened, and she was led astray by vile people. However, I worked tirelessly, and now she's back at my side!"

"And now, our true love has borne fruit. I wish everyone would generously offer your blessings for our union without worrying about things like family or self-gain."

With that, he concluded, "I love her, and she loves me. It's that simple!"

The hall erupted in thunderous applause at his speech, with several bootlickers cheering loudly amid the charged atmosphere.

"Oh, Mr. Graves is such a loyal man!"

"True love will always bear fruit!"

Chapter 610

However, Helen's ears burned at those words as she only found irony in them

True love? Loyalty? All lies.

Chaz was clearly coercing her and using her to control the Lane family.

She suddenly found herself weary and wanting nothing more than to throw away all the burdens weighing down on her shoulders.

At the same time, she could not help wondering to herself if Frank would come to save her, and she was suddenly caught in her fantasies...

What if Frank rallied all the bigwigs of Riverton? Would she not be able to follow her heart and escape this wedding filled with despicable lies and deception?

The emcee then continued, "Thank you, Mr. Graves—I'm sure everyone is touched by your loyalty. And now, let's invite Ms. Lane on stage!"

Nonetheless, silence ensued and lasted for a while.

It was not until Gina stepped up and shoved Helen that she came to her senses and realized that she should be going onstage.

Amidst the hesitant applause, everyone was left gawking at her, mesmerized.

The women especially appeared jealous since she barely had any makeup on, but she was a goddess incarnate with her natural beauty, matched with her slightly curled hair and her pure white dress.

"Whoa, so that's Helen Lane?"

"I'm not surprised Mr. Graves would be so obvious. If I were to lose such beauty, my heart wouldn't be able to take it either!"

"A match made in heaven... How envious."

Nonetheless, as the emcee kept things moving, the wedding soon moved on.

The priest and emcee were grinning ear-to-ear as the latter announced, “And now, we shall proceed to the reading of vows and exchanging of rings.”

While Chaz smiled as he strode forward, Helen was hesitant as she glanced at Gina, who appeared more nervous than she was.

Still, she had no choice but to lift her skirt slightly as she moved to stand beside Chaz.

“Before we begin, do the parents have anything to say?”

At the emcee’s call, Helen and Chaz turned toward their respective elders.

Only Gina was there on Helen’s side—her father Mason Lane was staying with the Southstream Lanes and never came.

On the other hand, Chaz nodded at his father, Wyll Graves.

“Well done, son.” Wyll was rubbing his chin in approval of his son, since Chaz certainly had him beat in cunningness.

Still, Wyll was more than content—not only did his boy basically seize control of the Lane family, but their family was also riding the coattails of Morhen’s Lionhearts now. Soon, their family will devour the Lanes, and it would be inevitable for them to become top dogs of Southstream... no, perhaps all of Riverton!

“Oh, this is so wonderful...”

Gina was exceedingly pleased as well, and she was more excited than anyone that Helen was being this docile.

It seems that her daughter finally accepted reality—Gina could actually see the bright future as they became family with the Graves and returned to the fold of the Southstream Lanes as well!

On the other end, Cindy could not help being jealous at her cousin's good fortune. "Helen's always the lucky one, and now she's even marrying Chaz Graves. It should have been me, though—it's not like there's that much difference between us."